"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

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NEW YEAR'S TIDE.

To the Romans we are indebted for the felicitous phrase which is in every mouth at this season—"A HAPPY NEW YEAR." And to the heart of man, that can make its own of an expression which so aptly sets forth the highest moods of human feeling, and the best desires of our race, we owe, the perpetuation of those loving words through two thousand years. It is delightful to think that selfish thoughts and sordid aims this day are put aside, and that the high and the low, the master and the servant, the esquire and peasant, greet each other from the fulness of their hearts, and wish each other well for months to come.

For many centuries the New Year has been ushered in with those kind expressions and those earnest prayers which attest the benevolence of the season—rejoicings, presents, and good wishes—peals of merry bells and New Year's gifts. In the North of England we have seen successive bands of children calling at neighbours' doors and paying the compliments of the season with a gladsome song. In Scotland, young men and maidens, old men and children, freely entering each other's abodes, and being regaled with the best cheer of the season. In every country some custom or other prevails through which the heart has the enjoyment of pouring itself into the cup of common life in sweetest form. An interchange of kindnesses and goodwill goes on among all classes, on the basis of a common feeling that we must not let a good custom pass, and that some token of friendship must be sent, some present, however small, that the day may be marked and the season transmitted to posterity with all its benevolence unimpaired. Frequently it becomes the period for opening the channels of a greater charity which delights to exercise itself on those who have few friends and many wants. The industrious poor, and the unfortunate who are ill provided against the winter cold, have warm clothing and better covering sent as New Year's Gifts to their homes. And though the words, "A happy new year," originated in the heathen world, they are now clothed with a Christian spirit, graced with positive gifts and splendid virtues, the fruit of our religion, the love to man which has been taught to us by him whose name we bear.

Right as it is to wish the happiness of all who are around us, we at once perceive that deeds are as necessary as words to secure the enjoyment we sincerely desire. And all must be prepared to do something to lessen the evils which afflict mankind, and to heighten the bliss to which mankind are born. Happiness may be said to be within the reach of us all; we have the springs of it in our nature and the power of educing it in the hearts of others. We remember also that the benevolence which makes others happy does not less make them good. Who ever yet conveyed a ray of joy to a sad heart without at the same moment imparting to that heart some strength for more righteous endeavour? and, in addition to this double measure of good, made himself a better and happier man. Misery and shame are discovered to us in our indolence, selfishness, and sin, however rich we may be; and peace and joy are found even in the poorest cot where duty is performed and a benevolent heart dwells. This we must understand and teach with a greater clearness,

"It's not in this, it's not in that,
To make us truly blest;
If happiness has not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest."

THE DREAM OF GALILEO.*

FROM THE GERMAN OF ENGEL.

GALILEO, who immortalised himself by his services to science, was still living and spending a peaceful and honourable old age at Arcetri, near Florence. He had lost the most valuable of his senses—sight; but he could still take delight in the pleasures of spring, in the song of the returning nightingale, the odour of blossoms, and, yet more, in the lively remembrance of former joys. One day during his last spring he allowed himself to be led into the fields near Arcetri by his youngest and most attached pupil, Viviani. He remarked soon that he had gone too far for his powers, and smiling, begged his guide not to take him beyond the Florentine boundary. "For you know," he said, "what I have promised the sacred tribunal." Viviani placed him upon a little elevation of ground that he might rest himself; and as he here, close to the wild herbs and flowers that grew around, sat in an atmosphere of sweet perfumes, he called to mind the ardent desire for freedom that he had felt at Rome on the approach of spring. He would now fain have poured from his heart the last drops of bitterness that the persecutions of his enemies had excited within him; but he checked himself, and reproached himself with the words, "The spirit of Copernicus might be displeased." Viviani, who knew nothing of the dream to which Galileo referred, begged for an explanation of these words. But the aged man, who began to feel the air of evening too cool and damp for his weakened nerves, begged to be led home before he gave it.

"Thou art aware," began he, after having taken a short repose, "how hard was my fate in Rome, and how long my release from imprisonment was delayed. When I found that the most powerful intercession of my protectors, the Medici, had failed, and that even the recantation which I humbled myself to make had no avail, I threw myself down on my couch, my mind full of bitter reflections upon my destiny, and my heart full of anger against Providence. 'As far back as thou canst carry thy thoughts,' I exclaimed to myself, 'hast thou been free from reproach! How unwearied hast thou been, zealous only of renown, in wandering through the mazes of a false philosophy, seeking for light that thou wert not to find! How hast thou exerted all the powers of thy soul to wrestle with and overthrow the old and powerful prejudices that opposed thee, so as to penetrate to the truth. How severe to thyself hast thou been in shunning the banquets that enticed thee, and turning from thy lips the goblets that thou wouldst fain have emptied, so that the labours of thy mind might not be disturbed by indulgence. How hast thou stolen hours from slumber to devote them to wisdom! How often, when all around thee were refreshing their tired bodies ready for new pleasures—how oft hast thou, shivering with cold, spent thy nights in observing the wonders of the firmament; or on dark and cloudy nights, by the light of thy lamp, kept vigils which were devoted to the honour of God and the enlightenment of the world. Wretched man! and what is now the fruit of thy labours? What is the reward thou hast gained in return for the glory thou hast given to the Creator and the enlightenment thou hast bestowed upon man? That labour of thy life has dried up the humours of thine eyes, that day by day they fail thee more and more—these faithful servants of the mind, whose poor remnants of light even these tears that thou canst not withhold will for ever extinguish.' Thus spoke I to myself, Viviani, and then cast a glance full of anger at my persecutors. 'These creatures,' said I, 'who in mystical formulæ veil their superstition, and beneath stately robes conceal their vices—who find it convenient for their indolence to invent lies, and then call them the word of God—and who crush to the earth the wise who would hold up the torch of truth, in order that its light might

* Galileo was summoned twice before the Inquisition at Rome, because he defended the system of Copernicus, which appeared contrary to the words of Scripture. The second time he was detained long in prison, and in uncertainty as to his fate. At last liberty was granted him on condition of not leaving the duchy of Florence. His most important astronomical discoveries, made partly alone and partly assisted by others, are alluded to in the above dream. He lived after his last imprisonment at his country house at Arcetri; lost his sight; and enjoyed in his latter years the society of Viviani, who afterwards wrote his life, and would never sign his own name without the addition—"the pupil of Galileo."

not disturb their voluptuous slumbers—these base wretches, who are only active when in search of the lusts and depravities of the world—how in their fine palaces they laugh at misery, and enjoy life in incessant intoxication! How have they robbed merit of all it possessed—even of honour, the most precious of its treasures! How the people fall down before them and worship them, whom they have cheated of the fruit of their fields, while they feast on the fat of their herds and the juice of their vines! And thou, unhappy man—thou who hast lived alone for God and thy renown—thou who hast never allowed any but the purest and holiest love for truth to enter thy soul—thou who, a better priest of God than they, would reveal his wonders in the great system of worlds — his wonders in the worm beneath thy foot—that thou shouldst be deprived of the only thing after which thou pinest, after that which is granted alike to the beasts of the forest and the birds of Heaven—freedom! What eye watches over the destinies of man? What just and impartial hand portions out the blessings of life? Does it allow the unworthy to seize all that he wants, and does it let the deserving lose all that he prizes most?'

"I lamented till sleep overcame me, and then it seemed to me as if a venerable old man approached my couch. He stood and contemplated me in silent pleasure, while my own eyes rested on his thoughtful brow and the silver locks of his hair. 'Galileo,' said he at last, 'what thou now sufferest thou sufferest for the truths that I taught thee; and the very superstition which now persecutes thee would have alike persecuted me had not death delivered me and given me eternal freedom.'

"'Thou art Copernicus,' cried I; and, before he could answer, pressed him in my arms. Oh, Viviani, the ties of blood which nature establishes are sweet; but how much sweeter are those of the mind! How much more dear and heartfelt than even the claims of brotherhood are the claims of truth! With what a blessed presentiment of a widened sphere of action, of elevated mental powers, and of the free interchange of all the treasures of knowledge, does one not advance to meet the friend who comes led by the hand of Wisdom!

"'See!' spoke the aged man, after returning my embrace; 'I have assumed again this mortal form which before enveloped my soul, and will be to thee now what I shall in future be—thy guide. For there where the released spirits unweariedly and with restless activity pursue their labours—there, rest is but another name for work. There are our researches into the depths of creation exchanged for the instructions that w give to the spirits that arrive among us from earth; and it is I who am the first to guide thy soul to a knowledge of the Infinite!' He then led me by the hand to a cloud which had descended, and, seating ourselves on it, we took our flight into the immeasurable realms of space. I saw there, Viviani, the moon with its hills and valleys. I saw the stars of the milky way, the Pleiads and Orion; I saw the spots on the sun and the moons of Jupiter. All that I first saw here below I saw, there with the naked eye; and, full of rapture, wandered there in heaven among my discoveries, as on earth a philanthropist passes among the objects of his beneficence. Each hour passed here on earth in painful labours was there fruitful in blessedness, a blessedness that he can never feel who enters that world void of knowledge. And, therefore, Viviani, will I never—even in this, my feeble old age—cease to search after truth; for he who seeks it here, for him will blossom joys hereafter of which he here has had but a glimpse; from each established fact—from each doubt destroyed — from each secret unveiled, and each error overcome. Behold, this was the delight that I felt at that moment; but the remembrance that I thus felt is all that is left me now, for my soul was so overwhelmed as to lose the consciousness of each particular joy in the one vast tide of blessedness.

"Whilst I thus looked around and was filled with wonder, losing myself in the greatness which Almighty wisdom has created, and which is upheld and preserved by His eternal love; the words of my guide assumed yet a higher tone, 'The limits of thy senses,' said he, 'are not the limits of the universe, although from out of inconceivable distances the light of a host of suns reach thy sight. Thousands more are shining in the infinite space of ether, which are unseen by thee—and each sun,

as well as each revolving sphere around it, is peopled with feeling creatures and thinking minds. Wherever there is space there roll spheres, and wherever creatures can feel happiness, there is life! No void is left in the immeasurable realms of space where the liberal Creator has not created life or materials to support it; and through this countless, measureless variety of beings, even to the smallest stone, reigns inviolable order. Eternal laws rule from heaven to heaven—from sun to sun, and from earth to earth in rapturous harmony. Unfathomable are the materials which the sage, when become immortal, has from eternity to eternity for his contemplation—inexhaustible the sources of his blessedness! Yet why should I tell thee all this, Galileo? For these joys cannot be understood by the soul which is still fettered by sluggish powers, and which can proceed in its labours only so far as its powers will admit, and which feels itself sink back into dust when it has but began to rise!' 'It may not be able to conceive of these joys in all their divine fulness, but it can taste of them in accordance with its own nature and being; for what are not the joys which wisdom brings, even in this earthly life? What delight does not the soul feel, even when clothed in this mortal form, when it begins to grope its way in the uncertain twilight, and finds the faint glimmers expand, till at last the full light of knowledge arises, and prospects of endless beauty dawn upon the enraptured eyes! Recall to mind how thou hast thyself searched into the secrets of God, and unveiled the plan of creation. Call to mind the moment when the first bold thought sprang up in thy mind, and all the powers of thy soul were exerted to seize it, to form it, to arrange it. Call to mind how, when that thought stood perfected in glorious harmony, with what an intoxication of love didst thy soul view the beauteous work, and, in contemplating it, feel its own resemblance to the infinity that it was able to conceive! Oh, yes, my guide, even here below, wisdom is rich in heavenly joys, and were it not so, how could we, who lie in her lap, look so calmly upon the trials of the world?'

The cloud which had borne us sank again to earth, and rested, as it seemed to me, upon a hill near Rome. The capital of the world lay before us; but, full of the deepest contempt, I stretched out my hand towards it and spoke: 'You may think yourselves great, ye proud dwellers in yonder palaces, because purple clothes your limbs, and gold and silver bear at your boards the costliest luxuries of Europe! But as the eagle looks down upon the chrysalis in its silken shroud, so does the sage contemplate these blind ones; for they are as fettered in their souls as the worm that cannot escape from its cocoon, while the free sage can traverse these heights and look down upon the world, or fly on the wings of contemplation up to God, and wander among the stars of heaven!"

"As I thus spoke, Viviani, the brow of my guide was clouded with a solemn gravity. His brotherly arms fell from my shoulder, on which he had leaned, and his eyes sent a piercing glance to the inmost depths of my soul. 'Unworthy one!' cried he, 'hast thou then, indeed, already on earth felt the joys of heaven? Hast thy name become great before the wise of the nations of the earth? Have the powers of thy soul been elevated so that they may hereafter work freer and fuller in the pursuit of truth to all eternity? And now that God esteems thee worthy to suffer persecution that thy wisdom may be increased thereby, and so that thy heart may be adorned with virtues as thy mind with knowledge, has the remembrance of good vanished without a trace, so that thy soul rises in anger against the will of God?'

"Here I awakened from my dream, and saw myself cast back again from all the glories of heaven into my lonely dungeon, and a flood of tears bedewed my cheek. Then I arose, and, amid the shadows of night, I raised my eyes and cried—'Oh, God of love! has the nothing who through Thee was something, dared to question Thy ways? Has the dust to which Thou gavest a soul, has he accepted as a reward to his merits what were the free gifts of Thy mercy? Has the unworthy one whom Thou hast nourished from Thy bosom, from Thy heart—and to whom Thou hast given so many drops from Thine own beaker of joy—has he forgotten Thy mercy and his great privileges? Strike his eyes with blindness!—let him never again hear the voice of friendship!—let him grow grey in the dungeon! With a willing heart will he bear it, thankful for the remembrance alone of past joys, and

blessed in the anticipations of the future!'

"My whole soul, Viviani, was poured out in this prayer; but not to the murmurs of discontent, but rather to the willing submission of gratitude has God lent an ear—He who created me for so much happiness! For see! I live here free at Arcetri, and to-day has my friend led me among the flowers of spring!"

As Galileo spoke these last words he felt for the hand of his pupil, that he might press it; but Viviani seized the extended hand of his master and reverently put it to his lips. S. W.

THE THEOLOGY NECESSARY FOR A WOMAN'S HAPPINESS.

One of the most hopeful signs for the further and more rapid success of our Unitarian cause is the increased attendance at our churches of women. At the beginning of the present century, if you had looked into our churches on a Sunday you would have seen few women joined in worship and instruction with the men, however learned, grave, or respectable the Church was esteemed to be. Now, in the most of our churches we are happy to find not only a sprinkling of our mothers and daughters, but often an equal number who more prominently represent affection and devotion compared with those who are said to be more under the influence of the understanding. We record this with thankfulness, not that there has been any decrease in the attendance of men at Unitarian services; but, as we can show, an increase beyond the increase of the population; and, in addition, the women of our country now join with us in the training of our children in true religion, as well as shedding their benign proofs in society of a theology well adapted for universal happiness.

No doubt the reason may be discovered in the more devotional and sympathetic character of the service. Our forerunners had to fight a hard battle on the arithmetic of the Deity. Learned discourses, philosophical essays, disquisitions which none but studious men could follow, these were sufficient to deter the female population fifty years ago from entering our churches. More frequently now the love of God, and the tender ties which should bind us to God and man are dwelt upon. We are bound to declare there is no theology so calculated to win the reverence and sympathy of women as the Unitarian theology when clearly and rightly put. Mothers cannot fail to have their misgivings, as they press their children to their bosoms, of the doctrine of innate and hereditary depravity. They must feel this a lie against a child's heart. Did ever a mother believe the doctrine that her little child was a child of the devil? And then, again, that awful blasphemy against God—an endless hell. We can think of some hard, stern nature, some unfeeling soul (not feminine) so thinking of God. The theology which includes this doctrine of everlasting punishment is not what will add to a woman's happiness. She grasps more than her own fate in her heart. Heaven could be no heaven to a mother with the thought of a child of hers in hell, or even the child of a neighbour. So, then, the first conception of human nature, and the ultimate fate of human life, are both, on the orthodox hypothesis, adverse to the feelings of a mother's heart.

We have placed those two false doctrines in the greatest peril from the nearest standpoint we could gain to God, that is, a woman's heart. And the nearer and nearer we approach to the mind of the Eternal, the less will these doctrines be believed. The deeper we descend from the purity and the affection of Heaven, then only there will remain some growing chance of admitting the two doctrines we have named to be true.

We know that the conviction of the love of God is necessary for the happiness of us all, but specially so for a heart that yearns for love. And a mother, who never forsakes even her prodigal child, who follows her erring offspring to the last and uttermost with a beseeching and ceaseless love, and holds open the door of her own heart for the return of the repentant one to welcome him from afar; she who would willingly receive the blow that is aimed to do her child a harm, can never think of the Almighty Parent as less true or less loving than herself. Her heart is thrilled with delight when she reads that "a mother may forget her sucking child, but thy God will not forget thee." This is the theology that is still above her, and she can look up to this with reverence, trust, and love.

A LITTLE HERO.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Our hero was a bright active boy of fourteen—the son of a mechanic. The father worked in a factory, about a mile and a half from his home, and every day the boy carried him his dinner across a wide piece of meadow land.

One keen, frosty day he found the snow on this meadow nearly two feet deep, and no traces of the little footpath remaining. Yet he ran on as fast as possible, plunging through drifts, keeping himself warm by vigorous exercises and brave, cheerful thoughts.

When in the midst of the meadow, fully half a mile from any house, he suddenly felt himself going down, down, down! He had fallen into a well!

He sunk down into the dark ice water, but rose immediately to the surface. There he grasped hold of a plank, which had fallen into the well as he went down. One end of this rested on the bottom of the well, the other rose about four feet above the surface of the water.

The poor lad shouted for help until he was hoarse, and almost speechless, but all in vain, as it was impossible for him to make himself heard from such a depth, and at such a distance from any house. So at last he concluded that if he was to be saved at all, he must save himself, and begin at once, as he was getting extremely cold in the water. So he went to work.

First, he drew himself up the plank, and braced himself against the top of it and the wall of the well, which was of brick, and quite smooth. Then he pulled off his coat, and taking out his pocket-knife, cut off his boots that he might work to greater advantage. Then, with his feet against one side of the well and his shoulders against the other, he worked his way up, by the most fearful exertion, about half the distance to the top. Here he was obliged to pause, take breath, and gather up his energies for the work yet before him. Far harder was it than all he had yet gone through, for the side of the well being from that point completely covered with ice, he must cut with his knife, grasping places for his fingers, slowly and carefully all the way up.

It was almost a hopeless attempt, but it was all that he could do. And here the little hero lifted up his heart to God, and prayed fervently for help, fearing he could never get out alone.

Doubtless the Lord heard his voice, calling from the deeps, and pitied him. He wrought no miracle to save him, but breathed into his heart a yet larger measure of calmness and courage, strengthening him to work out his own deliverance. It is in this way that God oftenest answers our prayers when we call upon him in time of trouble.

After this the little hero cut his way upward, inch by inch. His wet stockings froze to the ice and kept his feet from slipping, but his shirt was quite worn from his shoulders ere he reached the top.

He did reach it at last, crawled out into the snow, and lay down for a moment to rest, panting out his breath in little white clouds on the clear frosty air.

He had been two hours and a-half in the well!

His clothes soon froze to his body, but he no longer suffered with the cold, as full of joy and thankfulness he ran to the factory, where his good father was waiting and wondering.

The poor man was obliged to go without his dinner that day, but you may be sure he cared little about that, while listening, with tears in his eyes, to the thrilling story his son had to relate to him.

He must have been very proud of the boy that day, as he wrapped him up in his own warm overcoat and took him home to "mother."

And how that mother must have wept and smiled over the lad, and kissed him, and thanked God for him!

This little narrative is to inspire all our children, when in difficulties, to work their way out of them like this little hero. A noble spirit, that quails not before a hard task, is the best safeguard all through life.

LOVED AND LOST.

The following poem, from the "Church of England Magazine," will come like a "song in the night" to many a stricken heart:—

"The loved and lost!" why do we call them lost,
Because we miss them from our outward road!
God's unseen angel o'er our pathway crossed,
Looked on us all, and loving them the most,
Straightway relieved them from life's weary load.

They are not lost; they are within the door
That shuts out loss and every hurtful thing—
With an angel's bright, and loved one gone before,
In their Redeemer's presence evermore,
And God Himself their Lord, their Judge, and King.

And this we call a loss? O selfish sorrow
Of selfish hearts! O we of little faith!
Let us look round, some argument to borrow,
Why we in patience should await the morrow,
That surely must succeed this night of death.

Ay, look upon this dreary, desert path,
The thorns and thistles whereso'er we turn;
What trials and what tears, what wrongs and wrath,
What struggle and what strife the journey hath!
They have escaped from these; and, lo! we mourn.

Ask the poor sailor, when the wreck is done,
Who with his treasures strove the shore to reach,
While with the raging waves he battled on;
Was it not joy, wherever joy seemed gone,
To see his loved ones landed on the beach!

A poor wayfarer, leading by the hand
A little child, had halted by the well,
To wash from off her feet the clinging sand,
And tell the tired boy of that bright land
Where, this long journey past, they longed to dwell.

When lo! the Lord, who many mansions had,
Drew near and looked upon the suffering twain,
Then pitying, spake, "Give Me the little lad!
In strength renewed and glorious beauty clad
I'll bring him with Me when I come again."

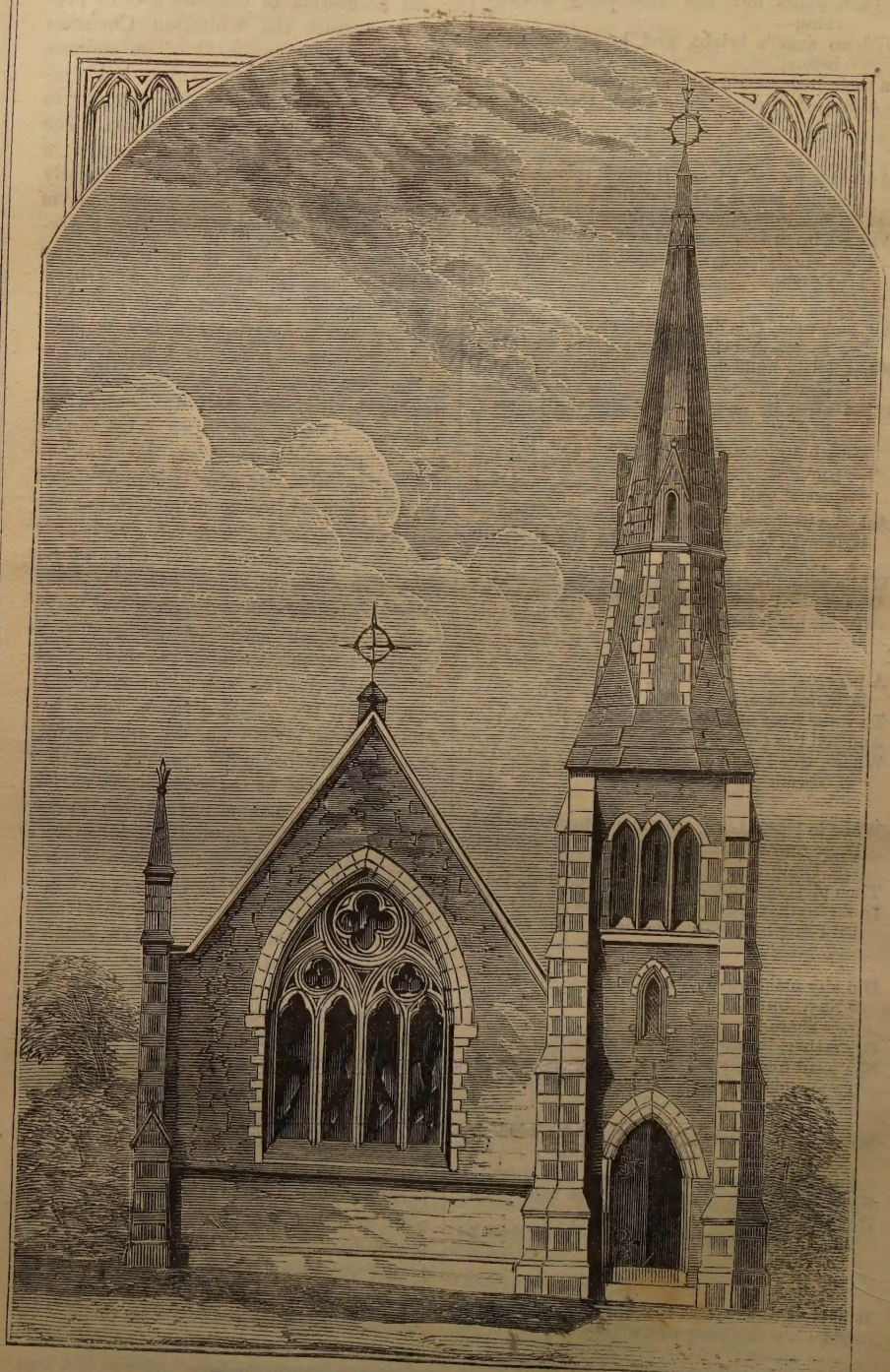
Did she make answer, selfishly and wrong—
"Nay, but the woes I feel he too must share!"
Or, rather, bursting into grateful song,
She went her way rejoicing, and made strong
To struggle on, since he was freed from care.

We will do likewise. Death hath made no breach
In love and sympathy, in hope and trust;
No outward sigh of sound our ears can reach,
But there's an inward, spiritual speech
That greets us still, tho' mortal tongues be dust.

It bids us do the work that they laid down—
Take up the song where they broke off the strain;
So journeying till we reach the heavenly town,
Where are laid up our treasures and our crown,
And our loved ones will be found again.

COLD AS ICE.

An accusation of coldness is often preferred against the Unitarian Christian Church. We have heard of an eminent writer—whose theology, in fact, is Unitarian—saying to a friend, after listening to one of our most gifted preachers, "The intellect of the preacher was sharp as a razor, but cold as ice." A most friendly critic writes, that "the affliction of the Unitarian church from the beginning has been that it was eaten up with the pride of scholarly and critical distinction. It never had any period of impulse and activity, when it was sufficiently in earnest not to be frightened out of its composure by the frowns of Dr. Syntax. It never had any youth or warmth. It was a polished fossil out of the Upper Silurian from the first."—Enough of this, we fear, we must plead guilty to to a large extent; and, feeling our shortcomings, begin to mend. It is only in connection with our church life we are cold. In all political and educational and other philanthropic enterprises we enter with zeal; we spend money and time freely: why not, then, in the best of all enterprises, the life and diffusion of true religion? We hope, indeed, there are some signs of a thaw and a coming spring. Some flowers begin to appear; and our critics must not be too severe upon us, for, after all, there is some virtue even in ice, in cold, cold ice. There is nothing more pure, and few things in this world so pure, as ice. It is known to the observer and the chemist that water in freezing turns out all that is not water—salt, air, colouring matters, and all impurities. If you freeze even a basin of indigo water it will make ice as clear and as white as that of pure rain. Well, then, let us hope that our wintry touch of the theology of the Christian Church has not been without some good. Corruptions and foreign matter have been very abundant in the systems of religion around us, and it was perhaps essential for their reformation that a John Frost should come, and the only reason that he remains may be that his work is not yet completed. Mercy as well as justice, genialness of church life as well as theological correctness, must be blended in our character; and the reproach of coldness may be changed to "pure as ice, and warm as summer weather."



FREE CHRISTIAN CHURCH, BARNARD CASTLE.

FREE CHRISTIAN CHURCH, BARNARD CASTLE.

The Free Christian Church at Barnard Castle was formed about twenty-seven years ago, and consisted of a few "working men," who had chiefly been Wesleyan Methodists. For a while they held meetings in the house of Mr. Archibald Elliott —father of the Rev. W. Elliott, of Stockton—for the purpose of reading the Scriptures and for worship. Afterwards they were joined by the late Mr. George Brown, author of the volume of sermons recently published entitled "Words from a Layman's Ministry," who, assisted by two or three members of the society, regularly conducted religious services. For the last sixteen years the congregation has occupied the present meeting room—it being part of a building which was formerly the Methodist Chapel in which John Wesley preached at Barnard Castle.

The foundation stone of the new church was laid on the 31st of August last, by W. J. Lamport, Esq., of Liverpool. The cost of the site was £250, and a commodious schoolroom adjoining has been purchased for £85. Inclusive of these items and other contingent expenses, the cost of the new church is estimated at £1068, towards which £1008 have been contributed. The construction of the tower and spire will involve a further expenditure of £135, towards which £40 has been separately subscribed.

The building is intended to be a memorial of the late Mr. George Brown, who, in addition to his services in the Unitarian cause, took a prominent part in the Institution and affairs of the town and neighbourhood of Barnard Castle. His useful life, productive of many good works, combined with a genial disposition, has endeared his memory amongst all classes in the neighbourhood.

The congregation has for some time past been steadily increasing, and is in connection with the Northumberland and Durham Unitarian District Association, which has appointed the Rev. E. W. Hopkinson as resident missionary for Barnard Castle and the district. The new church will comfortably seat 200 persons.

The ground plan comprises a nave about 35ft. by 24ft. inside the walls, and one aisle about 10ft. in width, a part of which, adjoining the principal street, is divided off and forms the entrance porch, and also the lower part of a tower, surmounted by a broach spire reaching an altitude of about 70ft. At the opposite end to the entrance an ornamental lectern (to serve as a pulpit) will be placed on a raised platform, which will be partially railed off from the church (for a communion space) with a low ornamental balustrade, and adjoining it will be provided a small vestry for the use of the minister. Adjoining the church is an existing building of recent construction intended to be used as a Sunday-school and lecture-room, and occasionally as a part of the church; it is divided from the church by a moveable screen, which, besides opening the school-room to the church, will also admit of the organ being used either in the church or the school, as may be desired. The desks, &c., in the school are intended also to be so made as to be available for seats for the congregation. This building and our cause here is another proof of what a few earnest and right-minded men may accomplish, who were determined to meet together for public worship and religious instruction for a quarter of a century without the means of engaging even a resident pastor.

HONEST WILL WHISTON.

ON THE DEITY OF CHRIST.

The celebrated William Whiston, in Cambridge, in 1708, is reported to have used the following remarkable language:—

"As to the dignity of our Saviour's person, though he be a being of immense perfections, yet I cannot say, as some do, that he is equal to God the Father, because I should contradict my blessed Saviour himself, who says expressly, "My Father is greater than I." (John xiv., 28). Neither can I assert that he is omniscient, for if I should, I should contradict my blessed Saviour himself, who says, he knew not of the day of judgment:—"Of that day and hour knoweth no man; no, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father" (Mark xiii., 32). Neither can I assert that he is essentially good; for then also I should contradict my blessed Lord and Saviour himself, who, to a certain ruler that called him "good master," said —"Why callest thou me good? None is good save one, that is God" (Mark x., 17).

THE MILLER'S TREASURE.

In the wonderful days of "once upon a time," there lived a worthy miller. Now he was a very worthy miller, indeed; and he had a very large family of small and rosy boys and girls. As you may suppose, he had to struggle with all his might and main to keep his own head and his wife's head and his children's respective noddles above water. Clatter, clatter, hum, hum, went the mill all day long; yet, when Saturday night came round, and the miller took from his earnings this little amount for the butcher, and that little sum for the shoemaker, there were but few, if any, pence to lay by for a rainy day. In truth, the miller's purse was considerably lower than the water in his dam. And that is saying a great deal. Week after week he grew more discouraged. Instead of the cheerful face which he was wont to show to his neighbours, he turned upon them a sour, and not to speak harshly, but to give the miller his due, a repulsive and ill-natured visage. Time went on, and matters grew from bad to worse.

One winter's evening the miller sat by his scanty fire, which he hugged as if he were trying to keep the smouldering embers from growing cold. The rest of the family had gone to bed. He was frowning and moping as usual. On his breast hung his shaggy head, and it was in that state of depression it looked as if it were about to tumble from his shoulders into the ashes. Suddenly he heard the patter of a light footstep outside the cottage. A low knock fell upon the door.

"Come in," said the miller, in no welcome tones.

The door sprang open, and in popped a fairy, a lovely, merry-eyed fairy! Of course the poor miller was astonished and bewildered. So would you or I have been.

"Am I welcome, Master Miller?" rang out the sweetest little voice in the world.

Now the miller couldn't find it in his heart to say "No," and so he brightened up, and in his most polite manner said: "Yes, quite welcome, thank you."

"Are you sure I am?" questioned the fairy.

"Why, yes," quoth the miller; "come closer to the fire, won't you, and take a chair, for you must be cold, roving about in such pinching weather as this is."

"Oh, no," replied the fairy. "I'm not cold, thank you, for you see, we wee folks have good warm hearts, and a warm heart goes a great way toward keeping the rest of the body warm, Master Miller. Besides, we are always contented, no matter what weather the seasons bring, and you know there's nothing like contentment to keep one cheerful and happy. But you are sad and you are morose, Master Miller. I know the reason, and I have come to help you."

The miller's darkling frown changed into a glowing smile.

"You don't get on in the world, Master Miller. You are often discouraged and depressed by trifling difficulties. You often neglect your work, and then sigh and bemoan your fate, because your work neglects you. You have tried to make money too fast for your own good. Now, turn over a new leaf, Master Miller. I leave you this chest, wherein you will find a great treasure."

The miller took the chest. It was not a very large one, but it looked to him as if it were bursting with golden guineas.

"Now hearken to me," said the fairy; "you are not to open this until your family are actually in need of bread to eat. Toil on in your mill. Be trustful and earnest. Drive away your ugly frowns, for they are exceedingly unbecoming to that manly face of yours. Do as I bid you on pain of my displeasure."

I tell you, a fairy's displeasure is something awful!

The miller promised that he would obey the fairy in everything.

"Good-night, Master Miller," chirped the fairy.

"Good-night," and bless you a thousand times!" cried the miller.

"But stay," said the fairy, as she was about to go, "I have forgotten something. I have one more injunction to leave you. After ten years have passed away—recollect, ten years from this very night—you have my full permission to open the chest; that is, provided your poverty does not force you to have recourse to my treasure before. Remember!" The fairy smiled archly, and raised her finger warningly. The door flew open, and away flew the fairy. The miller was the happiest

man in the whole kingdom. He danced with joy. He roused his good wife and his troop of children, and told them of his good fortune. He never made any more complaints if things at the mill went awry. He carried another face on his shoulders. He worked cheerfully. He sang the merriest songs; and he was altogether the busiest and happiest man for miles around. He threw off his old habits, and became a new miller. Of course he thrived! Many a time he thought that he would like to take a peep in the chest, but he was an honest miller, and he would have lost his right hand sooner than disobeyed the good fairy.

Ten years came and went, and found the mill still driving, and the miller a portly man of wealth and importance.

On the evening of the tenth anniversary of the fairy's visit, he called his family around and opened the chest. What do you suppose he found in it? Diamonds? No. Pearls? No. Rubies? No. Gold? No. You can't guess. I'll tell you. The chest was empty! But engraved upon the inside was this golden word—"Contentment."

This was the miller's treasure.

"DARE YOU?"

DOUBTING Thomas and loving John,
With the others walking on.

"Tell me now, John, dare you be
Of the small minority;
To be lonely in your thought,
Never to be sought or bought;
To be dropped and shunned, and go
Through the world, esteemed its foe;
To bear off your titles well—
Heretic and infidel;
To be singled out and hissed,
Pointed at as one unblessed;
Warred against in whispers faint,
Less the children catch a taint?
If you dare, come now with me,
Fearless, confident, and free."

"Thomas, do you dare to be
Of the great majority;
To be only as the rest,
With God's common blessings blest;
To accept in humble part
Truth that shines on every heart;
To be never set on high,
Where the envious curses fly;
Never name or fame to find,
Far outstripped in soul or mind;
To be hid except to God,
As one grass blade in the sod,
Under foot with millions trod?
If you dare, come with us be,
Lost in love's great unity."

E. R. SILL.

THE EMPIRE OF GOD.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

"We seek communion with the stars;
And then we know
How petty is this ball on which
We come and go."

THE ever widening range of scientific discovery adds field to field in the ample spaces of the universe. The history of the growth of thought from childhood to manhood is typical of the whole history of discovery, from the time when the stars were thought to be lamps in heaven, or small points of light through which the glory of the higher world passed to the earth. Since then how amazing and how delightful have been the changed thoughts and feelings through which the mind of man has traversed and discovered the stupendous magnitude of the starry heavens! We pass from world to world, and from system of worlds to system. Around us and above there are continually rising sun and star, cluster and universe, sweeping on through space with unimaginable speed, and only thus we form a more adequate conception of the vastness of the creation and the omnipotence of the Creator. Twelve millions of suns, says Sir John Herschell, each of which is as ponderous as our own sun, till at last we find that the globe we live on is as a grain of sand, a point in the infinitude of space. This is not the language of exaggeration, but of the cool and unimpassioned philosopher, that to an eye that can take in the whole, the entire host of planets and sun we call our solar system, might be annihilated, and would only be to that eye as the loss of a grain of sand from the shore of the sea, or a drop of water from the boundless ocean. Some of the stars are said to be thirty-three millions of times larger than our sun, and some of the fields of nebulæ one hundred of millions of times larger than the largest stars; and that one hundred millions of systems have come within the range of the telescope. One hundred and twenty-five thousand suns of other systems passed in fifteen minutes Sir J. Herschell's forty-feet reflector; and another astronomer has said that at least a million million of worlds may be inferred from the stars which have been seen. What an empire is the empire of God, unbounded in its magnitude, stupendous in its structure, infinite in its

variety, with benevolence and wisdom pervading every point of space and every particle of matter! Nor doubt we for a moment that in every region of this universe, hymns of praise and anthems of glory are rising, have arisen, and shall arise from admiring and grateful hearts across the entire immensity of the universe, and through the endless ages which have transpired and are yet to come. Inconceivable as is the breadth of God's kingdom, and impossible as it is ever to find it out to perfection, yet with the swift-winged messenger light, which travels one hundred and ninety thousand miles in a second, we partly discover the depth of space which has been pierced. Arago says he has looked on stars which would take light a million of years to travel from them to the earth. Professor Nichol says he has seen a speck in the heavens which would take twenty millions of years to transmit to the earth the fact of its existence; and Alger says nebulæ have been discovered that would need thirty millions of years for the light of which to reach our globe. And notwithstanding those immense distances which separate planet from planet and system from system, a great and thoughtful man has said—"To some infinitely superior being the whole universe may be as one plain, the distance between planet and planet only being as the pores in a grain of sand, and the spaces between system and system no greater than the interval between one grain of sand and another adjacent grain."

Now, what is the relation that religion holds to such conceptions as these? It may be said that these discoveries are calculated to make man feel he is nothing—banished to a corner of the creation and lost in the countless objects so much more imposing than he. These vast contemplations are well calculated to inspire reverence, but not abasement; to inspire humility, but not to degrade man. The soul that makes these discoveries, the mind that travels into infinity, and comes back laden with the wealth of this intelligence, is, in the eye of God and reason, a purer essence and a brighter object than all the lights that shine in the depths of heaven. The mind of the humblest man is a nobler work than a universe of unthinking worlds. The eye, instinct with life, is not less superior to the telescope than the soul of man to all that blazing galaxy of senseless matter. And he is true to his own nature who, in the midst of this survey, says, "Even here I feel among those mighty things, that, as I am, I am akin to God; that I am part of the use universal, and can grasp some portion of that reason in the which the whole is ruled and founded; that I have a spirit nobler in its cause and end, lovelier in order, greater in its powers than all those bright and swift immensities."

How can we otherwise than feel the reality of God, of an infinite and eternal spirit, when we devoutly consider the magnitudes, distances, velocities, wise arrangements, and benevolent purposes which present themselves in our study of creation? Few, indeed, are the men of science, if any, who ignore this fundamental article of all religion—God. The greatest of all philosophers—Sir I. Newton—whose giant intellect grasped the system of worlds, classified facts and laws, and began a new era of scientific discovery, was a sincere Christian man, a devout worshipper of the Almighty, and a faithful disciple of Jesus Christ. How is the doctrine of a future and endless life otherwise than strengthened by those extended views of God's empire. The pigmy theory of the universe which was believed in by some in early ages would have dispensed with the wish to live more than a few years to discover all that might be known. But now we can cherish a hope that the home of the soul is immensity, and the lease of that dwelling place is eternity. That this life is but the first faint ray of an existence that shall know no end; and that the heaven of heavens shall be the arena of a growth in knowledge and goodness as illimitable as the creation itself. Increased power may be imparted to us after we have done our best with the energies we now have, and, as a Swiss writer has said, "It may be, we may be able to convey ourselves from one planet to another with a swiftness equal or superior to light; preserve ourselves by the mere force of nature, and without the assistance of any other created being; be absolutely exempt from every kind of change; be endowed with the most exquisite and extensive senses; have distinct perceptions of all the attributes of matter, and of all its modifications; discover effects in their causes;

raise oneself by the most rapid flight to the most general principles ; have at the same time without confusion an almost infinite number of ideas ; see the past as distinctly as the present, and penetrate into the remotest future ; and be able to exercise all our faculties without weariness ; and thus enjoy the perfections of angelic and superior nature." Our religion gives us all this hope, even beyond what the human heart has ever conceived, and he is the most cruel to his own peace whoever yields to crush those hopes. "Now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be."

ABRAHAM AND SARAH.

THE Talmud has a pretty story, teaching us that those who believed in it esteemed but one object in nature of higher value than pearls. When Abraham approached Egypt, the book tells us, he locked Sarah in a chest, that none might behold her dangerous beauty. But when he was come to the place of paying custom, the officers said :—

"Pay custom!"

And he said—

"I will pay the custom."

They said to him—

"Thou carriest clothes."

And he said—

"I will pay for clothes."

Then they said to him—

"Thou carriest gold."

And he answered them—

"I will pay for gold."

On this they further said :

"Surely, thou bearest the finest silks."

He replied—

"I will pay custom for the silks."

Then they said—

"Surely, it must be pearls, then, thou takest with thee."

And he answered only—

"I will pay for pearls."

Seeing that they could name nothing of value for which the patriarch was not willing to pay custom, they said :

"It cannot be ; but thou open the box, and let us see what is within."

So they opened the box, and the whole land of Egypt was illuminated by the lustre of Sarah's beauty, far exceeding even that of pearls.

A GOOD WORD FOR WINTER.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

I THINK the old fellow has hitherto had scant justice done him in the main. We make him the symbol of old age or death, and think we have settled the matter. As if old age were not kindly too, as well as frosty ; as if it had no reverend graces of its own as good in their way as the noisy impertinence of childhood, the elbowing self-conceit of youth, or the pompous mediocrity of middle life! As if there were anything discreditable in death, or nobody had ever longed for it! Suppose we grant that winter is the sleep of the year, what then ? I take it upon me to say that his dreams are finer than the best reality of his waking rivals.

"Sleep ; Silence's child, the father
of soft Rest,"

is a very agreeable acquaintance, and most of us are better employed in his company than anywhere else. For my own part I think Winter a pretty wide awake old boy, and his bluff sincerity and hearty ways are more congenial to my mood, and more wholesome for me, than any charms of which his rivals are capable. Spring is a fickle mistress, who either does not know her own mind, or is so long in making it up, whether you shall have her or not have her, that one gets tired at last of her pretty miffs and reconciliations. You go to her to be cheered up a bit, and ten to one catch her in the sulks, expecting you to find enough good-humour for both. After she has become Mrs. Summer she grows a little more staid in her demeanour ; and her abundant table, where you are sure to get the earliest fruits and vegetables of the season, is a good foundation for steady friendship ; but she has lost that delicious aroma of maidenhood, and what was delicately rounded grace in the girl gives more than hints of something like redundance in the matron. Autumn is the poet of the family. He gets you up a splendour that you would say was made out of real sunset ; but it is nothing more than a few hectic leaves when all is done. He is but a sentimentalist after all—a kind of Lamartine, whining along the ancestral avenues he has made bare timber of, and begging a contribution of spirit from your own savings to keep him in countenance. But Winter has his deli-

cate sensibilities too, only he does not make them as good as indelicate by thrusting them for ever in your face. He is a better poet than Autumn, when he has a mind, but, like a truly great one as he is, he brings you down to bare manhood, and bids you understand him out of that, with no adventitious helps of association, or he will none of you. He does not touch those melancholy chords on which Autumn is as great a master as Heine. Well, is there no such thing as thrumming on them and maundering over them till they get out of tune, and you wish some manly hand would crash through them and leave them dangling brokenly for ever? Take Winter as you find him, and he turns out to be a thoroughly honest fellow, with no nonsense in him and tolerating none in you, which is a great comfort in the long run. He is not what they call a genial critic; but bring a real man along with you, and you will find there is a crabbed generosity about the old cynic that you would not exchange for all the creamy concessions of Autumn. "Seasons of mists and mellow fruitfulness," quotha? That's just it; Winter soon blows your head clear of fog and makes you see things as they are; I thank him for it! The truth is, between ourselves, I have a very good opinion of the whole family, who always welcome me without making me feel as if I were too much of a poor relation. There ought to be some kind of distance, never so little, you know, to give the true relish. They are as good company, the worst of them, as any I know, and I am not a little flattered by a condescension from any one of them; but I happen to hold Winter's retainer, this time, and, like an honest advocate, am bound to make as good a showing as I can for him, even if it cost a few slurs upon the rest of the household. Moreover, Winter is coming, and one would like to get on the blind side of him.

THE

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TWENTY ECUMENICAL COUNCILS.

BRIEFLY—THEIR RESULTS.

SOME Romanists say there have been *eighteen*, and some *twenty-one*, general councils; others say there have been *twenty;* and all are disposed to omit those in the fourth century, at which the Arians were triumphant. The first eight were called by emperors, the rest by popes. We shall take the middle enumeration, and state as briefly as we can their results. Those who have collected the decrees of all the councils have filled upwards of twenty considerable volumes. There have been two councils at Nice. The first, 325, drew up the Nicene Creed. Almost all the able writers and historians of the church prior to this were Unitarians—did not teach or believe in the Deity of Christ. The Nicene Council, after days of stormy discussion, divided, and the majority agreed that Christ was God. The Council of Constantinople, held 381, *Mosheim* says, "gave the finishing touch to what the Council of Nice had begun of *three persons* in one God." The Council of Ephesus, 431, condemned the Nestorians, who would not call Mary the mother of God, and denied that God could be born of a woman. The Council of Chalcedon, 451, condemned all who said that Christ had but one nature. This council established the two natures of Christ. The person of Jesus Christ was the chief point in dispute at the first four councils. The Second Council of Constantinople, 552, condemned the heresies of Origen, who had taught that all mankind would ultimately be saved. The Third Council at Constantinople, 680, did little more than endorse the acts of previous councils. The Second Council of Nice, 787, condemned the Iconoclasts, who were breaking all the images in churches; and the Fourth Council at Constantinople, 869, confirmed image worship. The First Council at Rome, 1123, decreed the right of the Roman Church to confiscate and convey property or kingdoms. The five councils at Rome are called Lateran Councils, being held in the church of St. John of Lateran. The Second Council at Rome, 1139, confirmed the election of a pope. The Third Council at Rome, 1179, condemned the Waldenses and Albigenses. The Fourth Council at Rome, 1213, condemned once

more all who differed from the Roman Church. The Council at Lyons, 1245, agreed on a new crusade to the Holy Land. The Second at Lyons, 1274, tried to effect a union with the Greek Church. The Council at Vienna, 1311, condemned the Templars, and confiscated all their property. The Councils at Pisa, 1409, and at Constance, 1414, were to settle differences among three opposition popes, and to condemn the Hussites and Wickliffites. The Council at Florence, 1439, aimed again to re-unite the Eastern and Western Churches. The Fifth Council at Rome, 1512, was designed to strengthen the secular power of the pope. The last Council at Trent, 1545, was called to reform abuses in the church and to condemn the Reformation. After a lapse of 300 years we have another Council, 1869; it is said the design is to condemn liberalism in politics and religion. We need fear Rome's blessing more than her curses; for history testifies, whom she blesses has been cursed, and whom she curses has been blessed. To Church councils the Christian world is not indebted for a single particle of truth or goodness. They have sacrificed the freedom of the people, closed the gospels, put down the purity of worship, and set up mummery and superstition.

A QUEEN'S DOWER.

Among the Israelites, as with other early nations, it was not the custom for a father to give a dower with his daughter. A young woman in the prime of life was able to maintain herself with her own hands. Indeed, the father, on giving her away, was losing her valuable services, and thus arose the custom for a husband to purchase his wife, not to receive money with her. In this way Jacob purchased his wife by becoming for a time a servant to her father. There are many passages in the authorised version of the Bible in which the word "dower" ought to be changed into "purchase-money." But the case was different in wealthy families as the nation became more refined. If the young woman did not work with her hands, she was an expense to her father, and he gave a dower with her to the husband, who took that expense upon himself. So a king, who would maintain his wife with great cost and in great luxury, might very naturally expect to receive a dower with her if she were the daughter of a neighbouring king. When Solomon married the daughter of the King of Egypt he received with her a very remarkable dower, as mentioned in I. Kings ix. 16.

The little town of Gezer was a hill fortress belonging to the Canaanites, within twenty miles of Jerusalem. It was so strongly situated that neither David nor Solomon had been able to conquer it.

But the Egyptians had better weapons and military engines, and more engineering skill than the Israelites. So, when the marriage treaty between the two kings was agreed upon, the King of Egypt sent his army into Palestine to besiege the city of Gezer; and when he had gained possession of it, and slain the inhabitants, and burned it to the ground, he gave its smoking ruins to Solomon as a dower with his daughter.

CHRISTMAS.

The ancients had their feasts, their days of state;
With pride, and mirth,
And martial pomp, they joyed to celebrate
Days when the gods, descending to the earth,
Fought side by side with man, for freedom's cause,
With human swords defending martial laws.
But we in other notes proclaim
A softer name:
We love to think, as here we spread the feast,
How a child's life began in humblest guise
In a dim stable in the East,
And watched by lowly eyes.
No god was there—
No wondrous portents marked the day—
But innocent, and weak, and fair,
The little human creature sleeping lay;
God's spirit breathed within him, and he grew,
And kept that spirit with him, and he knew
From first to last the power of human love,
And God's above.
He taught a haughty world to know
The God within them, oft concealed;
And in the ignorant and low
An equal majesty revealed.
So we to-day
Turn from the learned, mighty things of earth,
With children to be innocent and gay,
And hallow all beginnings with his birth:
Our creed to see
In all pure things the spirit of our God—
Most clearly still in him who trod
With infant feet the shores of Galilee.

S. L. C.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

—o—

Rossini and his Wife.—Rossini, on his death-bed, asked his wife: "What is the difference between you and a clock?" As she was unable to solve the riddle, he said, "The clock indicates the hours to me, and you cause me to forget them."

Unitarian Teaching in Hungary in 1869. —The Rev. C. H. A. Dall says Indoctrination is the business of the day-schools, wherein every boy and girl—for the girls are as regularly at school as the boys is made competent to define the Unitarian position and to give the proof texts.

Hard upon Dress. — An old Scottish preacher is reported to have said, in one of his sermons at Aberdeen:—"Ye people of Aberdeen get your fashions from Glasgow, and Glasgow from Edinburgh, and Edinburgh from London, and London from Paris, and Paris from the devil."

How the Battle Goes.—The Broad Church has been nicknamed by the wicked *Latitude*, and in like manner the Ritualists are known as *Attitude*, and the Evangelicals as *Platitude*. *Platitude* and *Attitude*, are now in alliance against *Latitude*, and the contest promises to be warm.—*Evening Post.*

The Lesson.—Somebody shows in the following rules how to teach the lesson:—1. Plainly—so plainly that the scholars cannot fail to *understand* it. 2. Earnestly—that they cannot fail to *feel* it. 3. Personally—so personally (1) that they cannot miss the *truth*; (2) that the truth cannot miss *them*. 4. Kindly—so kindly that they will not fail to love *the teacher*, to love the *truth*, to love Jesus, who is at once the great Teacher and the Truth.

The Right Persuasion.—In terrible agony a soldier lay dying in the hospital. A visitor asked him—"What church are you of?" "Of the Church of Christ," he replied. "I mean of what persuasion are you?" "Persuasion!" said the dying man, as his eyes looked heavenward, beaming with love to the Saviour: "I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus."

A Test Applied.—A correspondent of one of our religious journals says, "I once heard a conversation between a church member and an infidel. After arguments were urged at some length on both sides, the infidel observed to his friend that he might as well drop the subject of conversation, 'for,' said he, 'I do not believe a single word you say, and more than this, I am satisfied that you do not really believe it yourself, for to my certain knowledge you have not given, for the last twenty years, as much for the spread of Christianity—such as the building of churches, foreign and domestic missions—as your last Durham cow cost. Why, sir, if I believed one-half of what you say you believe, I would make the church my rule for giving, and my farm the *exception*."

A Christian Farewell.—A Christian man thinking he was ill-treated by some persons who were members of the same congregation as himself, and failing to get either the minister or the deacon to do as he wished, said, "I leave you all; farewell minister, farewell deacons, farewell to you all;" and then off he went towards the door. When he was opening the door the minister called on him by name, and told him he had not finished his work; and said, "We are but men as others are, subject to error; but if there is here a Christian Church, it must be that Jesus Christ is the Head; he cannot err nor do any man wrong. Would it not then be better for you to make your departure complete, and say farewell Jesus Christ?" "Oh, no, I shall never do that," replied the man; and weeping, returned and shook hands with the minister, and concluded the meeting with a prayer that brought all into happy feelings again.

Calvinistic Doctrine of Atonement.—In page 317 of the first volume of "Cook's History of the Church of Scotland" is the following note, which strongly shows the tendency of the orthodox doctrine of Atonement:—"Morton had expressed much apprehension that the justice of God would descend upon one who had been so great a sinner; and to this the minister replied:—'Be of good courage; and even in respect of the justice of God, be assured that your sins will not be laid to your charge, and that because God is just; for the justice of God will not permit him to take twice payment for one thing; as we know that, in the common dealings of men, he that is a just man will not crave payment of that whereof he hath been already satisfied; and, therefore, seeing that Christ hath already satisfied for our sins and paid God for the uttermost farthing he could crave of us, he cannot lay our sins to our charge, being satisfied in Christ; so that his justice will not suffer him to take payment twice for one thing.' Unto this he answered, "Truly, this is very good." Some allowance must be made for the wish to convey peace to a fellow-creature in the situation of Morton; but if this was the usual style in which the great doctrine of the Atonement was explained; if the necessity of repentance and amendment were not prominently brought forward as interwoven with the scheme of salvation, much encouragement was given to immorality.

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